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## A CONSUMMATE IDYL.

- The string that tied the dog fetched loose,
  The dog came howling on:
  That misadventure cooked his goose,
  His cup of joy was gone.
  Swift for the picket fonce he sped,
  As swallows skin the plain;
  Two inches scant the dog has led;
  He never smiled again.
- Bright eyes were passing on the street, Soft votces laughed in gice. And merry shouts from happy hearts Called other hearts to see. He reached the fence, he strove to climb
- With sudden, mighty strain; Sore was his need, scant was his time— He never smiled again.
- Where erat, like robins in the spring
  His sweethearts, voice he heard,
  He hears her father's accents ring
  With many a heariless word.
  One leg the bristling fence bestrides,
  But hastening in his train ut hastening in his train haughty dog his speed derides— e never smiled aguin.
- Around him whirled the giddy throng
  With happy fancies blest;
  Around him rose the roystering song,
  The laugh, the merry jest;
  He lived—for life may long be borne,
  Ere sorrow breaks its chain;
  But that dog chewed him all ioriern—
  He never smiled again.

  Bustlington Hankeye.

## THE WEDDING MARCH

"No. 329-A Wedding March," Such was the number and name of a picture in the Academy of a certain year which shall, for politic and personal reasons, be left undesignated. The picture was one of my painting; and I, Reginald Tracy, had been fortunate enough to attain three very important ends by its production. Firstly, it was deemed excellent enough by the Hanging Committee to be placed on the line, and it faced you in a very prominent manner as you entered Room No. 5. Secondly, this prominent po-sition secured for my picture a large share of attention which resulted in its finding a purchaser almost as soon as the Exhibition doors opened. But thirdly, it served the actual purpose for which I painted it, and which led me to choose my subject. That purpose involved just the least bit of romance; and although the clever critics praised the picture, and even hinted that, "Mr. Tracy had been singularly fortunate in his treatment of a somewhat unusual and difficult theme," etc., not one of them so much as guessed that it was a picture with a purpose. As the sequel may serve to show, that purpose sprang from and ended in what

I am pleased to call my little romance. It was a charming day, that on which I went to Rockhampton to sketch the water-meadows, and to see my old friend, Dr. James Brooke-Jim, I generally called him-who had settled as a practitioner in that town. The whole place was steeped in sunlight; and the deep shadows cast by the old houses in the narrow streets by the waterside reminded one of nothing so much as the blackness of the shades in some old Dutch town, where Rembrandt must have learned the special art that bears the impress of his renius to-day. The old church of Rockhampton is a fine bit of Norman architecture. Rising architects declare that

poper pillars of that style, seem to impress the ockhampion juveniles on Suadays quite as much as the service. Passing through the churchyard, I found myself at last at the church. With little hope of finding the door open I lifted the latch, when at once it yielded to my touch. As I passed within the green baize doors within the porch, I heard the sound of the organ; so stealing quietly into the grateful shade and coolness of the church, I ensconced myself in the biggest pew I could find and lis-tened. How soothing was the effect of the music and surroundings on that glorious day! I could not see the player, who was concealed by the curtains i front of the organ-loft, but intuitively guessed it was a lady who played. touch could have made that "Kyrie'

magined that only a woman's delicate speak in these tones; and there was more gentleness than power in the "Stabat Mater" into which the player glided. Then I remember the March" succeeded; and after half an hour's private hearing of the masters, I quietly slipped out of church, once again into the glad sunlight that played around the gravestones, and made the world so

After lunching at my hotel, the Red

Lion, I went to see Dr. Jim. It appeared that the fair player of the church was a Miss Spalding, and the only daughter of a well-to-do and retired merchant who had settled at Rockhampton some eighteen months before; and Jim, I found, had been paying his addresses to the young lady. Her father had married for the second time and had thus given Miss Spaulding a stepmother. The old gentleman, as Jim called him, was an easy-going man kind-hearted in every way, generous to fault, and looked kindly enough on Dr. Jim's suit. But as to Mrs. Spalding, Jim prenounced a decidedly unfavorable opinion. She was an ambitious, and as he expressed it, scheming woman, who thought that Nelly should look somewhat higher than Dr. Brooke of Rockhampton-and that she should at least marry money-with which latter commodity Jim was, as a young doctor of course, by no means over-burdened. Without actually discouraging Jim's attentions, Mrs. Spalding made things decidedly unpleasant for the lovers. Mr. Spalding, good, easy man, was completely under the dominion of his wife. nce, Jim confessed, he was in a some-

what unsettled state of mind. "You see, Regy," said Jim, "Nelly will not disobey her parents in any way. That she cares for me she has confessed to me more than once. But when ! press her to consent to be married at once, and to make me 'happy, she won't

"My dear Jim," I responded, in my new-found capacity of guide, counsellor and friend, "she is not the first girl who has had to struggle between love and duty; or at least what she conceives to

"She is so thoroughly conscientious," replied Jim, "that I fear even to press her to take the step which would make me a happy man for life. When I ask her in my despair whether she will ever choose between her step-mother's wishes and my love, she implores me not to tempt her; and so," added Jim, "here I am : miserable as need be,"

All this interested me exceedingly She was evidently a girl of sterling worth and with a high sense of the duty she believed she owed to her parents' wishes. I thought over Master Jim's love affair as I lay in bed that night, and came to the conclusion that the case was a difficult one. You can not always mould human minds to your own bent and purpose by simply speaking. Hence I came to the conclusion that Miss Spalding's love for my old friend ought to be tested and tried in some way. As my experience of human nature goes, there seems nothing like putting love, of all

## THE HICKMAN

The Origin of "Ta-ta."

ous farewell, thus giving it a meaning

entirely different from that it started out

in life with; and how it ever came to be

applied in that way is a little surprising

to any one to the Southern "manner

born, and especially to any one familiar with the idioms of the South of ante-bellum days.

No one who was ever petted, loved and spoiled by a kind old black "mam-

my" can ever forget that "ta-ta," i

baby dialect, is thank you," or, to give

an exact definition from our unwritten vocabulary, "thanky." They can never

forget manufity's coaxingly reproving tones, nor her "churchy," when, in correcting some childish forgetfulness, the omission of thanks for some angle in

vor, the gift of an apple, or perhaps a

stalk of sugar cane, she would say,

"Honey, where's yo manners? Whyn't yo' say 'ta-ta?" For a more valuable

resent her words would have been

Tell the lady you're much obleeged,

or "obliged," if she happened to be a

little careful in her pronunciation, as

many house servants were; but for all

trifling gifts "ta-ta" was the popular

as the children grew larger this pet way

their baby clothes; and the "churchy

substitute for a bow, consisting only

a sudden bending of the knees, which

caused a comical dip down and up-was

put away with the jingling rhymes of

as are "catty cats" and "this little pig

went to market" and all those other

wonderful things belonging to child life

To the great world "ta-ta" is nothing

but a ludicrous expression; but to many

of us there is something half touching

half comical, in the quaint old word

that bring back so vividly the days

when we planted raisin seeds, rode stick

horses, believed in giants, knew that the

fairies were hiding in the ferns and that

pots of gold were awaiting us at the end

of the rainbow,-Pleasant Riderhood,

The Man with the Umbrella.

in a hot day is a mystery to be solved,

but the fact is they do not, and that not

courage to carry one. Yesterday, when

an eminent and dignified citizen, comin

back from his dinner, turned into Gris

wold street with an umbrella over his

"Well, that's a good plan, and all

"What's that for?"

"What do you want to keep the sun

"Suppose you mind your own busi-

The next one presumed upon his long

riendship to halt the man with the um-

"Pretty sharp in you, old fellow; eep the edges toward your creditors

Other men told him that wearing a

cultice on the head would dispense

should fasten a fan on each side of his

and used it to punch the ribs of a boy

He's a flat, he's a feller. And he lags an old umbrella.

The Genesis of Jokes.

Hazlitt says that, from the beginning

of the world to the time of Heirocles

in the early Christian days, mankind had

perpetrated only about twenty-one

jokes. During nearly 5,000 years the

world had only these twenty-one sayings

to laugh at. A new joke was made or

the average every 250 years. From the

time of Heirocles to the present day

the number of jocose sayings has in

creased from twenty-one to pretty near-

ly 21,000,000, an enormous proportion

of this vast aggregate, however, consist-

ing of some modification or combination

of the original twenty-one. A really

good anecdote has a kind of immortality

known clime and tongue. It is pub

of its own. It is reproduced in every

lished in a German paper as a part of the

biography of Bismarck; then translated

into English, and connected with Dis-

raeli, and then reproduced in America,

and attributed to some of our own great

statesmen. We have read stories about

Mr. Moody which originated with the

priesthood in the time of the Crusaders,

and some of the sharpest things which

Sidney Smith is supposed to have

from the third or fourth century, are

told in connection with Mr. Spurgeor

or twenty generations doesn't hurt it

any more than it hurts a fiddle-string to

Come to It."

There was once a man and woman

house, which was some miles distant

from their own, So, one pleasant morn-

ing, they started out to make the visit;

but they had not gone far before the

woman remembered a bridge they had

to cross which was very old and unsafe,

and she began to worry about it, "What

shall we do about the bridge?" she said

to her husband, "I shall never dare to

go over it, and we can't cross the river

any other way," "Oh," said the man,

"I forgot that bridge; it's a bad place,

Suppose it should break through, We

should be drowned." "Or suppose you

should step on a rotten plank and break

your leg, what would become of me and the baby?" "I don't know," said the

man, "what would become of any of

us, for I couldn't work, and we should

starve to death." So they went on wor-

selves all their anxiety.

for very different tunes.

"Ta-ta" belongs exclusively to the

early childhood.

No. sir !

No. sir!

Going to?"

soft men ought to practice it.

The next man had a gri

"To keep the sun off."

'Might get sunstruck,"

"Suppose you did?"

brella and whisper:

and they can't see you.

who had begun to sing:

that mammy had taught them- a funny

of expressing thanks was laid aside with

For several years American paragra-

The Oldest Newspaper in Western Kentucky.

ESTABLISHED 1859.

HICKMAN, FULTON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1881.

But how the test could be applied the eketch of a young man's face likewise. case in which I had thus been ledofeel | There is a fair girl's face and a matronly a special interest I knew not. I confessed as I rolled over to sleep that I did not see my way clear t help At last, my task is completed. The pic-

Blagden & Co., of Birminghan and . The vicar has been busily spreading a though the faces in the picture as ex elsewhere; the means was-my hable report that I have been painting pictures | hibited are slightly disguised, and Mr. The day after my arrival at Rockhampton Jim proposed that I hould day a very few of my Rockhampton drive with him on his morning ound, friends shall comes to see my work. The

and added he: "We'll call at fount circle is very select. I have invited only Grove on our way home." Mount irove Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, the great Josiah, very nice villa residence, overlocking the river, and standing within its own ricely kept grounds.

not before given myself credit, that Nelly Spalding shall be admitted to a private view. She borself has been all

see. Mr. Spalding received me courteously, as also did Mrs. Spalding. Miss
Nelly greeted me most cordially, adding
that the way much observed and the some dry Pommery, which "the great
Josiah"—as I have been accustomed to sister. Mr. Blagden did not impreseme

"A safe man, my dear sir; a very safe man," said Mr. Spalding to me at anch, "Why, I suppose his turn-over is bout is spread. Mr. Josiah is looking very half a million a year—the iron rade, you know," added the old gentlemin by way of explaining that Mr. Blagder was one of the metal-kings of England "Self-made man too," said Mr. Spald-

ng; "began life as a foundry-boy." From what I saw of Mr. Bligden within the next few weeks, his origin could have been pretty accurately gwased from the manner in which he imparted the "foundry-boy's" manners into the sphere in which his industry and success had led him. He was essentially a vulgar man, who bullied his sister, a heart and a kindly nature, as I discovered

day Jim was strangely depressed. I guessed his thoughts pretty accurately, for he burst out into a tirade against Mrs. Spalding on our arrival at home, "I shouldn't wonder, Regy," said he, 'if that fellow Blagden has been invited down here as a suitor for Nelly. He's a friend of Mrs. Spalding's, I know, because she herself comes from the 'Black

Country. Jim's state of mind, from the moment he broached this theory, may be better imagined than described. For the next three weeks I am bound to say that his temper was well nigh unendurable. One evening at dinner at Mount Grow

iron-master's coarse invectives against the medical profession, which had been called forth during some argument concerning doctors' fees. Nelly's attitude toward Jim appeared to have undergone to clasp Jim around the neck, and her no perceptible change. She was loving words were few but decided: "Jim. and gentle as before; but I fancied that | dear! I can never, never marry that Mrs. Spalding contrived dexterously to man! I will do whatever you wish me to. keep Miss Blagden and Nelly as fre- But oh! they have tried me so !" quently together as possible; and thus Jim's tete-a-tetes were reduced to a miserable minimum. Worst of all, as Jim than one occasion hinted that Mr. Blagmost friendly terms with Jim, was to my mind furthering her own aims and ideas of a matrimonial alliance for Nelly with the elderly iron-founder. I know that most of my readers will say that Miss Spalding should have settled the matter for herself, and have given Mr. Blagden to understand that his attentions were unwelcome and hopeless. But as I remarked before, we are not all east in one mold; and the most loving nature's may sometimes be coerced by what seems to be their duty, into selfsacrifice of the most unreasonable kind, and which can only entail misery in the

So things went on at Rockhampton, with diplomacy at Mount Grove, and despair at No. 14 High street, where Dr. James Brooke announced his willingness to relieve the afflicted daily from ten to eleven a, m., and from six to eight p. m. I had been sitting cogitating over matquotation was to the effect that, "when | me. moral sussion fails from any cause to change an opinion, it is lawful to appeal to the most trivial of our emotons." Happy idea! thought I. I shill see whether or not I can work it on to the advantage of Dr. James Brooke andshall I add it?-to the confuson of

Josiah Blagden, Esquire.

My plans were then rapidly maured. Morning, noon and night finds me busy in the old church. I am hard at werk on a canvas in which the interior of the edifice grows under my brush day by day. There are no sounds of the "Kynow; nor are the jubilant stmins of Mendelssohn heard, as on a bright sunny day not so far gone by. Nelly does not come to practice her oldfavorites as of yore. Blagden, I know hates music; and painters, as he one expressed it-in shocking bad task are usually "a seedy lot." I remember Mr. Josiah's white vest and cable chain with enough appendages attached thereo to have set up a small jeweler in a thiving way of business. The aisle and milery of the church are now complete a my picture. I paint it as I sit in the isle : in the distance you can see the alter and roughly in. There is a group pasing down the aisle from the altar-rails where the vicar can still be seen at hispost and there is a figure standing alon and solitary in a pew, as if facing he advancing party. The vicar cannot quite fathom the design. The church le can understand; but the meaning of the picture puzzles him. I bid him wait

patiently for the solution of the mys-When my study of the church was completed, I went home to the Red Lion, and there I painted in my sources. There was little need for models, for my sketch-book was full of studies, Turnrapidly, I find that there are heals of fully clever, and that Josiah's "weskit abolished by law in England in and in France ten years later. buman emotions, to some rigid, test, two elderly men, and there is a careful | was as like as life,"

countenance, and another face which seems not unlike that of Miss Blagden. them. Little did I think that the prorrow was to bring the means an the man. The man was Josiah Bladen, Esquire, iron founder, of the fra of Blazelan & Co. of Birmingles and The means are the figures—well, we shall see.

of the church, and there is curiosity to Josiah's vest has been shorn of certain see them. I now propose that one fine of its distinctive peculiarities. was the residence of Mr. Spaldin; and Miss Blagden and Jim. 1 contrive, with two o'clock found us at the gra of a a diplomatic cunning for which I have We were ushered into the drateg- anxiety to see the picture, and I pretend room, where we found assembled ertain that by great favor she shall see it before persons whom Jim had not expected to any one else. Mine host of Red Lion

that she was much pleased to make the call him, possibly from the magnitude of acquaintance of Dr. Brooke's old frend his waistcoats—says he dotes upon. I of whom he so often spoke. In addition | make a malicious and unkind but perto the family circle of three, it was dear feetly just mental suggestion that in there were strangers present. These early life "the great Josiah" was better latter were Mr. Josiah Blagden and his acquainted with the merit of "alf-and-'alf" than dry champagne. Mine host favorably. He was a stout, florid-em- has done his best; and now I wait my plexioned man, remarkable for the ex- guests. I feel nervous and excited; treme breadth of his white waistcostand | why, I can hardly tell; but I confess to for the profusion of jewelry displayed | myself that I shall be glad when my lit-

Here at last. They troop up-stairs

tle symposium is over.

large to-day. There is an air of jubilant triumph about him as he bustles about Nelly, assisting her in taking off her wraps and saying "nothings" which are anything but "soft," as the great man expresses them. To me, his air is simply patronizing. Mrs. Spalding is gracious as usual; and Mr. Spaiding seems to regard the near prospect of lunch with more evident satisfaction than he does the prospect of an artistic treat. Mr. Bladgen suggests we had better step in to see the picture—lunch has evidently its attraction for "the great Josiah, meek, silent little weman, with a good | But I tell him I wait Dr. Brooke, at which announcement he subsides. Then I sugguested to Miss Nelly that, with have the picture all to herself for a momentary peep. Mrs. Spalding, who is deep with Miss Bludgen in the mysteries of the manufacture of rhubarb-jam,

readily consents. Nelly follows me into the room where my picture stands covered with a crimson cloth on my easel. I close the door and unveil it. Nelly glances at it for a moment; then growing deadly pale sinks half-fainting-not into my arms, but into those of Dr. James Brooke, who has most opportunely come upon the scene, In speechless astonishment he gazes at me, but he too seems as if he were going to repeat Nelly's procedure as he glances at the picture, "For heaven's ces at the picture.

Nelly opened her eyes in a moment or two, which seemed to me like an age, Jim had employed the interval in a fashion not unfamiliar to lovers. I believe, And when she did open her eyes, it was

What is it in my picture that has so perturbed the lovers, and brought Nelly Spalding to her senses? Simply the inremarked to me one day, Nelly had son- | terior of the old church once again. A fessed that her step-mother had on more | ray of sunlight streaming through a prompted by friendship to her parents.

Mrs. Spalding was, in other words, a clever women plantage of the prompted by friendship to her parents. chink in the stained window falls on the clever woman, playing a nice little game | Blagden, the artistic treatment of whose of diplomacy, and while keeping on the white waistcoat and chain has cost me no end of pains. Behind bride and bridegroom comes the figures of Mr. and Mrs. Spalding; and in the dim distance the vicar is seen still standing within the altar rails. But the central figure after the bride herself is the young man, pale, motionless as a statue, who stands in a pew and whose ashy gaze is fixed on the bride. The face of the man in the pew is that of James Brooke. The picture tells its own story to Nelly Spalding. It places the possibility of the future before her eyes as she has never dared to picture it to herself. reflects in all its naked truth the fate to which through her indecision she may commit herself and Jim. And it tells its story so well that art conquers diplomacy in decision, and aids tove in its triumph over the great Josiah himself.

Footsteps on the stairs. I cover the picture again. Nelly stands beside Dr. ters one evening at the Red Lion-Jim | Brooke; her cheek is pale, and there having been called to a distant part of his parish—when an idea, founded, I eyes. The iron master looms in the believe, on a quotation from an old doorway. He takes in the matter at a French author, occurred to me. The glance and frowns darkly at Jim and

> As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, who closely follow Josiah, have entered the room, Nelly to my surprise walks quickly up to her father and takes his hand. "Father," said she, with a tremulous yet decisive tone, "you know the message you brought me from Mr. Blagden this morning? Give him my answer now. Tell him that I am going to marry

Dr. Brooke. discarded Josiah at this moment held his tongue, he might have got both Mr. and Mrs. Spalding to speak a word for him with Nelly. But as it was he destroyed his own case at a blow.

"Message from me?-and this is my answer!" he said in an angry voice. "Why, I care nowt-nowt," he repeated bitterly, "about the matter. I guess it was the lass's father and mother that wanted to marry Josiah Blagden's money -perhaps they wanted some of it for

themselves. The rudeness and vulgarity which marked the man came out unmistakably as he said these words; and taking his sister's arm in his and casting a look of chancel; and the vicar, who logs in vindictive scorn at the doctor and myupon me occasionally, says it is as ke as | self, he walked out at the door with an can be. He is curious, however, toknow | ungainly strut which was meant for digthe nature of the figures I have skitched | nity; and we saw the great Josiah no

Mrs, Spalding was especially cut up she who had manceuvred the matter thus far. Mr. Spalding, on the other hand, burst into a jovial laugh, and taking his daughter's hand, placed it in that of

Dr. Brooke. After all had left the studio but Mr. Spalding, the latter asked me to tell him in plain terms how I had brought this about-for he had no doubt I was at the bottom of it. I uncovered the picture, which Mr. Spalding - simple, easyminded gentleman that he was-scrutinized with his double eye-glass, remarking to me that he did not quite underIn six weeks thereafter I officiated as

organist pealed forth the jubilant strains of Mendels-olm, after the vicar's benediction had been given, and Nelly, radiant and beautiful, passed down the aisle on her husband's arm, I could not help rejoieing in the success of what i now "No. 329-A Wedding March,"

That is the romance which, as I told you at the outset, hangs round the picture which in the Academy catalogue was numbered #329-A Wedding March,"-Chambers' Journal.

best man" at Jim's marriage. As the

Aunt Susan's Suggestions to a Fretful "Hester;" exclaimed Aunt Susan,

ceasing her rocking and knitting, and sitting unpright, "Do you know what your husband will do when you are "What do you mean?" was the start-" He will marry the sweetest-tempered

"Oh, nuntie!" Hester began.
"Don't interrupt me until I've finished," said Aunt Susan, leaning back and taking up her knitting. "She may hours. not be as good a housekeeper as you are; in fact, I think not, but she will be goodnatured. She may not even love him as well as you do, but she will be good-na-

girl he can find,'

" Why, anntie-" "That isn't all," continued Aunt Susan, "Every day you live you are making your busband more and more in love with that good-natured woman, who may take your place some day. After Mr. and Mrs. Harrison left you the other night, the only remark he made about them was : 'She is a sweet wom-

"That isn't all," composedly contin-ned Aunt Susan, "To-day your husband was half way across the kitchen floor, bringing you the first ripe peaches, and all you did was to look on and say : 'There, Will, just see your tracks on my clean floor! I won't have my floor all tracked up.' Some men would have thrown the peaches out of the winwhen he kissed you, because his mustache was damp, and said, 'I never want you to kiss meagain.' When he empties anything you tell him not to spill it; when he lifts anything you tell him not to break it. From morning until night your sharp voice is heard complain and fault-finding. And last win when you were sick, you scolded about his allowing the pump to fre and took no notice when he said, 'I so anxious about you that I did

" Hearken, child, The most intelligent of for a woman's te keeper is sure more men like W ing, as chivalrous, at for and so satisfied with loving affections will die a long, stru death; but in most cases it takes few years of fretfulness and fault-fir to turn a husband's love into irrit indifference.

think of the pump,'

"But, auntie-" Yes, well ! you are not dead vet, that sweet-natured woman has not be found: so you have time to b come so serene and sweet that your husband can never imagine that there is a better-tempered woman in existence."

The Queen and the Poor Peasant. The accident of royal notice and patronage has often lifted worthy persons and families of humble birth into refinement and places of distinction. An adventure pointing to such a result is related in this recent story of the Queen

of Italy. It appears that, as she was driving to the royal wood of Licalo the coachman mistook the road, and one of the gentlemen asked a countryman the way. The man, seeing the fine carriage and horses, and the servants' livery, and all the gay company, thought he was being fooled. 'As if you did not know !" he said, with a big grin. The Queen laughed, and assured him that they were lost. Then only did the countryman condescend to point out the way, after which he walked off as if fearing to be laughed at again, "Give him 20 francs for his trouble, said the Queen to one of her escort, who, going after the countryman, said to him: Here, my man, is a little present from the Queen of Italy, who thanks you." "The Queen !" cried the countryman, returning to the carriage. "Forgive

me that I did not know thee. But I had never seen thee before. Thou art as beautiful as a May rose. God bless thee." And the carriage drove off. Now the countryman, who had once seen the Queen, wanted to see her pretty

face again, and the following day he presented himself at the palace. "I know her, you know," he added, "I spoke to her yesterday, and I want to speak to her again, Thinking he had to do with a madman the porter was about to have the poor fellow arrested, when the very gentleman who had given him the 20 francs appeared, and, recognizing the man, told him to wait. He informed the Queen of

his presence, "Bring him here, by all means," was her answer. When the man was, for the second time, before the Queen, he said : "Yes, 'tis thou. I thought I had seen a fairy. Thou art just an angel. I did not tell thee yesterday that I had two little ones

without a mother. Wilt thou be their mother?" 'That I will," said the Queen. "Then there's the 20 francs thou gavest me yesterday. I thank thee, but I want no money." And he went away, crying and smiling like a child. The Queen has adopted the two little ones, and they are in an institution un-

American Inventions.

der her special patronage.

The sixteen American inventions of word-wide adoption are the cotton gin, the planting machine, the telegraph, the by the parting fling of Josiah, as it was grass mower and reaper, the rotary printing press, steam navigation, the hot-air engine, the sewing machine, the India rubber industry, the machine manufactare of horse shoes, the sand blast for arving, the gauge lathe, the grain elecator, artificial icemaking on a large scale, the electric magnet and its practical application, the telephone.

> Lorrences were inaugurated by the Romans, and have flourished in most all They have been used as a means f raising funds in this country since

CURRENTS.

THE Greeks called scissors a "double pea is supposed to be a native of arliest known pails were made eptreof Charlemagne was seven

Cample is from a Greek word meantomans considered it disgraceful Tan earliest mention of parks is among Table are forty-six species of the Eng-Dustins were at first made of the tails

F tal lead pencils were known to the ancient Romans. Priors were anciently called lodesmen, from lode-star the polar star.

Corat was acciently deemed an excellent antidote against poison. Bracelets were given as a reward of bravery to soldiers in the Middle Ages, QUEEN ELIZABETH left three thousand thanges of dress in the royal wardrobe. The Emperor Augustus in his letter | term for the very little folks. Of course writing dated even the divisions of the

COLERIDGE and Goldsmith wrote" The House that Jack Built" and "Goodytwo-shoes. EGYPTIAN sieves were made of papy-

rus, or rushes; those of horse-bair were first used by the Gauls. THE early sheriffs of London had before their door two posts, upon which little ones; it is as peculiarly their own

were exhibited public edicts. The Persians swore by the sun; the Scythians by the air and their scimetars; the Greeks and Romans by their gods. THE Chinese divide the day into twelve parts of two hours each. The Italians reckon the twenty-four hours

a of honor betore the Roman doors open outward, so that eaving the house knock first t he should open the door in

of portable chaffing dish, upon

mes were burnt, was carried

f a passer-by. Proissant mentions a person who, having his chin cut off in a riot, replaced it by one of silver, which he tied by a one man in a hundred has the moral sukes cord around his head.

e found in the tombs of the ns, they having been supacious in confining the itations.

head he was accosted with : Idiers carried in their "Been raining down your way? chains for prisoners of bners and princes, the flies off?

which were borrowed

their gods, and were

ormer pagan ap-

as profane. rly Romans a kind of was kept by driving walls of the Temple of in public calamities, in tened in the Temple of Jupiter.

The institution of the "Order of the with the umbrells, and others said if he Bath "originated in the custom of the was afraid of his ears being tanned he Franks who, when they conferred od, bathed before they perhat, Not one single man took him by ceremony, and from this the hand and encouraged him, and the title Knight of the Bath, when he reached the postoffice he was so discouraged that he lowered his shade,

crowths in Old Nevada Mines. an who recently had occaplore the chambers, drifts and cave ... of the old deserted Mexican and Ophir mines says that fungi of every imaginable kind have taken possession

of the old levels. In these old mines, undisturbed for years, is seen a fungus world in which are to be seen a counterfeit of almost everything in our daylight world. Owing to the warmth of the old levels and to the presence in them of a certain amount of moisture, the timbers have been made to grow some curious crops, Some of the fungi in the old chambers are several feet in height, and, being snow white, resemble sheeted ghosts. In places are what at a little distance appear to be white owls, and there are representations of goats with long beards, all as white as though carved in the purest marble. The rank fungus growth has almost closed some of the

The fungi are of almost every imaginable variety. Some kinds hang down from the timbers like great bunches of snow-white hair, and others are great pulpy masses. These last generally rise from the rocks, forming the floor of the drifts, and seem to have grown from something dropped or spilled on the ground at the time work was in progress years ago. These growths have in several places raised from the ground rocks weighing from ten to fifty and even 100 pounds. Some of the rocks have thus

been lifted more than three feet. In the higher levels, where the air is comparatively dry, the fungi are less assive in structure than below, and are much firmer in texture. Some resemble rams'horns, as they grow in a spiral or twisted shape, while others, four or five feet in length and about the thickness of a broom-handle, hang from the cap timbers like so many snakes suspended by the tails. One kind, after sending out a stem of the thickness of a pencil to the length of a foot or two, appears to blossom-at least, produces at the end a bulbous mass that has some resemblance to a flower. In all the infinite variety of these underground fungi it is somewhat strange that not one was seen at all like those growing upon the surface in the light of day. Nothing in the nature of toadstools or mushrooms was

A Day That Is Dead. day that is dead has for men a il, a more tangible, a more osity than the day that exists, the day as yet unborn. One

t characteristic delusions of is its incapacity for enjoyment resent, Life is a journey in which people are either looking forward or looking back. Nobody has the wisdom to sit down for half an hour in the shade listening to the birds overhead, examining the flowers under foot. It is parts of the world down to the present with the present it was yesterday shall have to-morrow appy we are to-day.''

and green as well as

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In one grove in Alifornia are 1,380 trees mone measuring less than six feet phers have been using the old Southern expression, "ta-ta," as a term of humorn diameter.
A magnificent white oak stands in the n diameter. Quaker burying ground in Salem, N. J. with It is more than 200 years old, and is remarkable for its plitude of shape. In branches have a spread

of 112 feet. The tallest trees in the world are in Australia, A fallen tree in Gippsland measured 435 feet from the root to the highest point of the branches. Another standing in the Dunenong district in Victoria is estimated to be 400 feet from the ground to the t.p.

The largest chest in tree in the coun-

try is growing in the firm of Solomon Merkie, at Berks, Pa., and is nearly forty limbs. It is estimated that this tree contains about seventeen cords of wood. It still yields about three bushels of chestnuts annually.

A russet apple tree in Skowbegan Me., was planted in 1762. In its branches a playbouse for children has been built for a half a century or more. The tree is seven feet from the ground to the branches, five in number, all of which are very large and average thirty-five feet in length, covering a space of ground sixty-three feet in diameter. It is more than four and one-half feet in diameter, and has yielded an average of thirty bushels of apples each year. A sprout from this apple treestands thirtytwo feet from the parent stem, but is forty-eight years younger.

Planning Work.

Even in housework the brain may save the body a great ical of labor. A woman who plans her work beforehand always accomplishes a great deal more than her less-methodical sister, and with less fatigue to herself. Before she rises in the morning her breakfast is thoroughly planned, and the order in which the different details are to be carried out is quite decided upon. It makes all work easier to have it thus planned beforehand, and miny a weary woman might secure many bright half hours to herself every week if she would but inaugurate the system. It is just like Why it is that the public do not look packing a trunk-you know how easy it for one skilled in the business to put in a third more than one who piles things in "just as it happens." It is always such a pleasure to look back on a wellpacked day and see just what has been done. People whose days are full of idleness and ease do not have a monopoly of happiness by any means. Those who have nothing to do except to make themselves comfortable are generally peevish and discontented. Work has manifold advantages; and the woman who has led a busy life cannot be con-Then you carry the umbrella to keep

tent to rest in idlences. One Way ing It.

If we may belied they have and in the the United States a maye adopte doing business, it say can not raise a sudden fear the the companies will be compani for paying dividen objected to as ferred shareholders get their regular 3 per cent, in cash, but the holders of original shares bre compensated in a much less commonplace manner. When the general meetings are annually held, it is calmly decreed that they be allowed to travel for three full days through the Cantons of Zurich, St. Gall and Grisons, at the expense of nobody except the roads, these free rides to be accepted asdividends. Much is made of this privilege by the helpless shareholders, for whole crowds of them turn out for the

gratuitous excursions. Cause for Gratitude. Uncle Mose met Aunt Sally on Aus-

tin avenue. As she wore a down-in-themonth expression, Uncle Moses asked "What ails yer, Annt Sally? Is yer worryin' bekase Marse Roberts am 'posed to de union ob church and state,

and ter President Garfield gettin' weil?' "Toin't dat ar." What am de truble, den ?" "De truble am, Uncle Mose, wid my ole man. He am gettin' more crosser ebery day. I has done my lebel bes', but he am gettin' wusser and wusser ebery day. Dar's no chance for him to prove envhow. "I knows yer ole man berry well, and

I say yer has cause to be thankful, 'How so, Uncle Mose?" "Bekase he can't get no wusser den he am already. He am de meanest nigger in Austin. And then Aunt Sally whacked old Mose over the head with her umbrella.

-Texas Siftings. A Sacred Gold Mine. In the eleventh and twelfth verses of

the second chapter of Genesis will be found the following important informa-"The name of the first is Pison; that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold, and the

created, but which he probably borrowed gold of that land is good." The Chicago Inter-Ocean states with apparent seriousnes that a company of or Mr. Beecher. However, we laugh at London gentlemen, who have neither it all the same, and the fact that it has followed Ingersoll nor the scientists into been repeated during the last eighteen their loose Biole notions, have organized themselves into a company to test the truth of the above sacred assurance. be used in a great many concerts and and that the stock of the "Havilah gold mine has actually been placed on the London market, the proprietors an-"Don't Cross a Bridge Until You nouncing it to be the richest in the world, and the passage from Genesis is quoted as proof of it from an inspired who planned to spend a day at a friend's

source. What Some Women Could Do.

There are women to-day in San Franco, says the Chronicle of that city, subsisting on scanty crusts in blind allevs who could step into the empty manions of our new millionaires and arrange the appointments of room after room of the entire house with an artistic sense and individuality of taste which would put to the blush the first upholsterer of the city. The day is not far distant when this will become a distinct calling for women. The originality of conception and design manifested by women wherever their artistic powers are allowed a chance for development will lead to many new paths for industrious womanhood.

eving till they got to the bridge, when THE value of the berry crop of New lo and behold! since they had been there Jersey probably exceeds \$2,000,000 anlast a new bridge had been built, and nually, including the cranberry crop, which, as a rule, is the most profitable they crossed over in safety, and found they might as well have saved themof all the small fruits grown in that State. The black erry is also an im-portant fruit ther, of which, beside arsenal of himself, if enforced, would put THERE are physicians with their signs swinging idly in the wind, who know a great deal more about theory, than they do about practice.—Steubenville Her-

tion.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Was Eve's first dress made of bear-

U NATUBALLY look P Qliar if URO D and going to D K .- Bill Nyc. In some hats the cabbage leaf must feel perfectly at home. - Quincy Modern

Argo. INQUIRE: The most horrible suicide on records is that of the man who took a drink of Chicago water. - Boston Post.

My father was Irish,
My mother was Irish,
And I am Irish stew.

— Youker's Statesman. It was probably an Irish missionary who, when about to be masticated by the cannibals, originated that beautiful

WHEN you lose a needle on the floor, the quickest way to find it is to take off your shoes and walk about. But some-

how people don't do that way. "GESTICULATION," says an eminent ictor, " is fast becoming a lost art !" He probably never saw Talmage fencing with an imaginary lobster. - Herald

this city who woke her husband during a storm and said: "I do wish you would stop snoring, for I want to hear it thun-

An ALBANY paper tells of a woman in

"Confound it! you've shot the dog! I thought you told me you could hold a gun." Pat. - "Shure, and so I can, your mor. It's the shot, sor, I couldn't hould!

A BAD-TEMPERED MAN: He had lost his knife and they asked him the usual question; "Do you know where you lost leet in circums of the base. The lop of the neet is reached without danger by steps that are fastened between the do. I'm merely lainting in these other places for it to kill time Nor every man can tell from exper-ience how it feels to be struck by light-

ning, but he can get some idea of it by going suddenly around a corner and meeting his mother-in-law while he is walking with a pretty girl. - Boston A KEOKUK man succeeded in hugging his sweetheart to death. But he has no trouble in finding others. The girls

seem rather anxious to take their chances on his hugging them to death. They don't belive he can do it; would just like to see him try it. An Irisu lady was so much on her guard against betraying her national ac-cent that she is reported to have spoken of the "creature of Vesuvius," fearing that the crater would betray her again,

Albany Journal. She finds her paral-

lel in the Yankee who speaks of the pillows of a portico. WHEN a corpulent citizen endeavors to jump off the dummy of one of our cable roads while on the down grade and falls on the track in the front of the wheels nothing gives him so much genuine satisfation as, just when he is about to be crushed to pulp, to wake up and find himself on the floor beside his own bed.

-San Francisco Post, How pestering little things will happen. A stranger in a Middlesex County village was looking for a man named Ondeck, and when he went up to a fellow and asked: "Are you Ondeck?" the fellow answered, "I reckom I am," and the stranger tried to talk business to him and they got all mixed up in a misunderstanding and had to be parted by the bystanders before they got through. And it was all on account of that confounded name, -- Boston Post.

Excutsh social life presents many points of interests in its slang. We have all probably read the anecdote of a young American lady in England (not a 'fair Barbarian," either) who, while playing crocket, exclaimed at a surprisingly fortunate shot of an opposing player: "Oh! what a horrid scratch!" upon a young English lady remarked : "You shouldn't use such language, it's -Well, what should I s\_ especis New Orleans Tim

He Had a Bad Memory.

There is a poker-club in Yonkers which meets on Sundays. They call it the Sunday-school club, and that's where they tell their families they go on Sunday afternoon. By invitation, Stimp joined last Sunday's session. His wife was a little skeptical about his going to a Sunday-school club, and Monday morning questioned him a little. "What did you do there?" "Oh! they read the scriptures and discussed them." you pay any attention to what was said?" "Of course." "What did they read about?" "The Hebrew children." "How many Hebrew children?" "Do you know the coffee is too weak?" " No. How many Hebrew children?" Stimp had the cup to his lips and he kept it there, trying to remember if there were not three score and ten, when one of the httle girls answered, "Three!" "Three!" echoed Stimp. "What became of them"? "I almost forget, but I believe that Isaac was eaten by a ram at the flaming bush; Daniel was cast into the lion's belly; and Jonah raised gourds in the whale's den." That settled the matter. Stimp's wife knows that he did

to tell her what became of that \$40 he had on Saturday. - Exchange.

not go to Sunday-school. But he refuses

A Horse Audience. A Prussian officer relates that shortly after the retaking of Orleans by the Germans he happened to be passing through a deserted street, and on coming in front of what had formerly been one of the most popular Cafe Chantants of the town, but which was now supposed to be closed, he heard the deep, vibrant tones of a grand piano, played upon, apparently, by some master hand. There was also heard in the intervals a trampling as of many feet, betokening a large audience. Curious to know how such a thing could happen so soon after the confusion into which the town had been thrown by the recent battle, he entered and found seated on the music stool a Prussian train soldier, while all around him in the vast audience hallwhich had been brilliantly lighted up for the occasion-and pressing close up to the platform, were his charges, a great troop of horses, that filled the house and stood with pointed ears and erect heads eagerly listening to the mu-

Tender Love.

A touching story of tender love comes to us from a town not many miles from this place, but which must be, under the circumstances, nameless. A beautiful young girl became engaged to a gallant Union officer. At the close of the war he went to California to seek his fortune. She ignored all advances from scores of suitors and patiently waited his return, feeling confidence in his keeping true to her. So the years passed, and even a few gray hairs began to show themselves among her brown tresses, while her friends no longer pitied, but ridiculed ther for refusing all advances from other desirable sources. Lately her fidelity was rewarded. The lover of her girlhood has returned from California, bronzed, bearded and a millionaire, with a wife and twins .- Evening Wisconsin.

Pocket Pistols.

Since cast iron revolvers can be bought for a dollar, about every other boy and young man in the State has one of these weapons in his pocket, and makes it a constant companion as his watch or pocket-knife. At a bowery dance or a billard room in the heat of passion he whipes it out and commits a murder. In this peaceful age no man wants a revolver, except at his own home, to protect himself and family from burglars. The a stop to three-fourths of the murders.

No noom was ever made large enough. to hold both a fat man and a mosquito.